

"If your office hasn't burst at the seams by the time you return, you'll be buried by an avalanche of mail as you open the door, never to be heard from again. It will require an emergency Susanzine of prodigious proportions to clear up all that backlog." --letter from Sean Summers, June 29, 1975

**** Welcome to the eighth issue of the Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Quasirevolutionary Susanzine, produced by Susan Wood. My mailing address, especially for fanzines, is Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5, where there are always people to make sure my mail doesn't get rain-soaked. I live (and get letters at) 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1T6. ****

Lions Gate Publication #1

November, 1975

The issue may not be Prodigious, but the undertaking is Perverse--starting a Susanzine in the middle of a semiannual mail strike, on Hallowe'en, every sentence interrupted as I distribute small Mars bars to small Martians. But why not?

OBLIGATORY STAGE SETTING (lots of trees and an umbrella):

I am sitting at my dining room table in Vancouver, drinking filtered espresso and idly wondering why I let John Berry talk me into buying a hand-operated coffee grinder. It's been four and a half months since I produced a fanzine: in them, I've travelled to Australia and back, gained 4½ years' worth of experiences, visited a lot of friends, changed cities, changed jobs, and maybe just changed.

Outside: lots of trees. If it were day, I would see emerald moss, green and red leaves, the back porches of small houses in this development on the UBC campus. From the front window would be red maples, festooned with swings, festooned with children, decorated by lively towhees and ceramic seagulls. But it's evening: green curtains behind the pots of ivy and philodendrons, neighbours' kitchen lights. Outside, wind and a s-attering of rain, and the next-door kids playing ghosts. Inside, a cheerful run of banjo notes, "Blackpool Rock" from the Dumptrucks' Saskatoon. In front of me, patterned spirals like leaves and vines, green and black and white: a hanging I made from cloth in a Maori pattern, from Rotorua, New Zealand. On the bookcase, there's a furry koala, Shayne McCormack's gift my first day in Sydney; on another, the committee's parting gift, a glass kangaroo. Nearby, on another shelf (bricks and painted boards scrounged from the basement's debris), sit boxes of slides: Palo Alto and St. Kilda Gardens, Bruce Gillespie with a balloon and John Berry with Fahfard's Frog, Bob Tucker with Jim Beam

and John Alderson with home-made wine, palm trees and wattle trees. Elizabeth Foyster painted the delicate watercolour framed over my desk, a lovely picture of the seacoast near the Foyster farm; it reminds me of all I didn't see, the continent that waits til next trip.

PROLOGUE (Hello, my name is...):

Amor de Cosmos was a Nova Scotian who headed west to the California gold fields-- where he changed his name to Amor from Bill Smith, so his mail wouldn't go astray any more. He thought he was calling himself "one who loves the world." He later becmmme first premier of B.C., thus proving you can be eccentric and elected too. He had nothing to do with sf, but the name seemed somehow appropriate for a Canlit teacher to use on a fanzine. This incarnation of AMOR (the first was a shortlived Canadapazine in 1972-73) appeared in the fall of 1973, when I moved to the wilds of Regina, Saskatchewan, where the only fanac was in my mailbox. It served as an apazine til I dropped out of most of the apas; now it's a lettersubstitute. (During a mail stike, it's a writer's-block-breaker.)

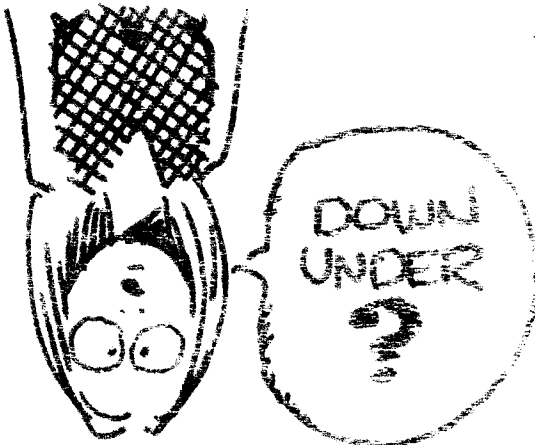
Between September, 1973, and June, 1975, I taught classes (Canadian lit., sf, intro-to-lit) at the University of Regina; weathered blizzards and temperatures of -40° (F or C), department politics and various crises; enjoyed the company of Cathryn and David Miller (in Regina or Saskatoon, they were always and oasis of sanity), and of Eli Cohen (who shared my domicile and exile all last year); won a fanwriter Hugo; discovered the Dumptrucks; explored my head; and emerged with a doctorate in English (Canadian Agrarian Novels: dull!), a new job as assistant professor at UBC, and some good memories. That's background, for new people on the mailing list who might be puzzled by the wheat-and-weather jokes. ("Wheat! Red wheat! Wheat with feathers! Cream of wheat!")

You are on my mailing list because you're a relative, friend, acquaintance or person I admire; because I want to keep in touch with you; because you want to keep in touch with me. I enjoy letters, other people's fanzines, contributions-- but all you really need to do to get AMOR is indicate somehow that you enjoy reading it. (A ? on the label means "er, hi, you still there? Send a postcard.") AMOR is not for sale, and is Not Generally Available.

* * * * *

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

OUTLINE: Take one orange backpack, add two wombat jokes, a koala in a gum tree, and several hundred fen throwing streamers and singing "Waltzing Matilda." Mix well.



JUNE (Rocky Mountains! Hi!): I stuffed Big Huge, the pack, full of t-shirts saying "Eiffel Stage Lighting" and "Fair Dinkum," and hid it from the movers, who swept down on my Regina apartment and removed everything I own except the mimeo and Kermit the 7' avocado, both of which Eli is now caring for. The next day, Eli, John Berry and I descended on Mis-ti-ka, the island of peace, sanity and mosquitoes where Cathryn and David Miller live. My

last days in Saskatchewan were spent unwinding on the farm, in space and friendship: eating Cathryn's bagels, watching the garlic grow, and convening the Front de Liberation de la Piscine at midnight. Then John and I took the train to Edmonton, on Midsummer's Eve; unable to sleep, we watched the telephone poles and the bright northern sky, expecting to see the Wild Hunt stream out of the foothills. Instead, the shiny morning faces of Doug Barbour and Michael Carlson appeared in the station at 6 am.

I think it was at the Edmonton non-con that I decided not to write a trip report. Too much happening. Too much talk, laughter, and meeting of friends, too little time to sleep, think, or assimilate it all.

Assimilate? I was just glad if I could keep up with it. People were littered around the Barbour huuse, talking. I was washing my hair in the sink, while Doug, sitting on the edge of the tub, had a few minutes to complain about his thesis committee. My attention was equally diverted between sympathy, and a wish to be left alone so I could take off my t-shirt, which was bleeding red dye as my hair dripped. Then Sharon's friend Wendy wandered by--stared-- and I heard her voice from the living room: "Sharon! Your husband's in the bathroom with some woman!" "I know," said Sharon calmly, "they're fans."

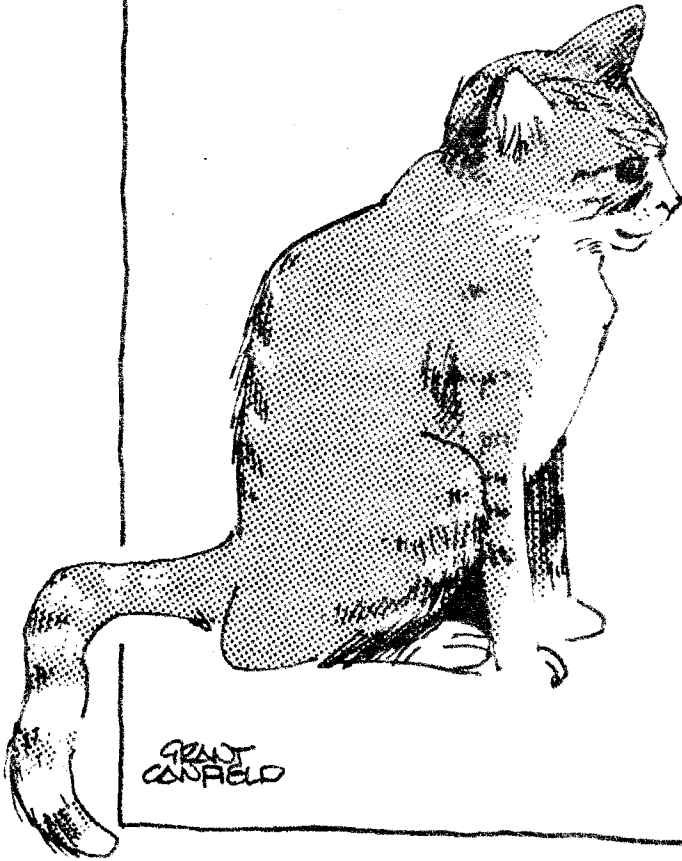
Westward ho. The mountains were more remotely magnificent than I could have imagined. The train was not derailed into the North Thompson River. We arrived in Vancouver, to stay with Lynne Dollis and Rick Mikkelson. They took John to Stanley Park, while I arranged classes and discovered that all my worldly goods were stacked in the basement of 2236 Allison: with all the "fragile, this side up, stereo equipment" boxes at odd angles under 50-pound boxes of books. "I'll try to tidy up before I go," says Dawn, the woman from whom I am subletting, "but you may want to paint the living room." Luckily, my prophetic powers were not working that morning.

JULY (Hey, Roscoe! Wanna move to Canada?):
July was California. John and I endured Greyhound down to Seattle, then enjoyed a leisurely 3-day drive down the coast with Frank and Anna-Jo Denton. The Dentons are used to stopping to let the kids play, and this kid did, paddling in the ocean (cold!), admiring the misty silvergreen of the Oregon forests (kept expecting the Wild Hunt there, too) and wandering around the little towns. On the third day, just south of the California border, I spotted the First Palm Tree. Tiny and all alone in the middle of a field, it was obviously planted by the chamber of commerce to encourage tourists: yes, you're really in California! The land got flatter and browner--and suddenly there was smog, and the TransAmerica Pyramid rising from it. I bounced so hard the Toyota's springs were threatened.

As for the Westercon, let me say that I greatly enjoyed the evenings away from it, in the city with the Canfields and assorted friends.

Conventions, of course, are vast gatherings at which people stay up late, party too much, lower their resistance, and then swap germs. Someone brought flu/cold/fever germs to Westercon. The week after, John and I spent apartment-sitting for a friend of Catherine Canfield's, in an elegant residence on the curved, red-brick, tourist-phot part of Lombard St., on Russian Hill. Elegance of blue velvet, white shag, original oil paintings, an antique samovar. Panorama of the City, the Bay, the Bay Bridge, from two terraces. Tourist San Francisco at our feet

ROSCOE



(complete with hordes of tourists with Instamatics, snapping our pictures amid the hydrangeas as we hauled milk and yogurt up those lovely hills.) And of course we both got The Dread Lurgee. It was such a waste...

July: sunshine, fog, good food and better company, a chance to relax after a year of teaching and thesis-ing. I commuted round the Bay, staying with Grant, Catherine, Roscoe and Chloe Canfield; Charlie, Dena and Cat Brown; and Jerry Jacks. Saw the Chinese exhibit of oriental treasures, pressed on by bodies, at a brisk clip, and wondering about the lives of the people who made those pots and golden leopards. Spent a great evening at the Magic Cellar (thanks, Tom and Debby) watching cards and scarves and coins float about. Went to Stanford with John, and kept expecting to meet someone I knew: all students are cast from a common mold by International Student Faces, Inc., New Haven and Don Mills, Ont. Spent a full day wandering 3 blocks of Telegraph Avenue, browsing in bookstores, sipping

cappuccino, Hanging Out, and being glad I wasn't in Regina. Swam in the ocean, toured the wineries, collated LOCUS, sat up til 2 am with Charlie, drinking champagne and talking about nuclear power plants. What I mostly remember, though, is revisiting the cool green hush of Muir Woods, the redwood preserve; and hours and hours of just lying in the sun, looking at the Berkeley hills, reading the Earthsea trilogy, watching squirrels steal the plums off the Browns' tree, and feeling very, very peaceful.

AUGUST (Aussiecon? That's next year...):

The pace speeded up in August. Los Angeles was a tourist cliché of freeways, ending in Alicia Austin's small, exquisite house (I can hear Alicia chortle as she snaps open a Diet Dr. Pepper and reads this.) House? Gallery of lovely paintings. I had spent a day with Charlie Brown, visiting George Barr in San Jose, where he, Jim Thomas and the lizards share another lovely gallery; I'd admired Grant Canfield's cartoons; and then I visited the Trimbles and admired their art collections, while Bjo tossed off anecdotes, ideas, costume designs and character sketches enough for six people. I kept flexing my stubby little fingers, and feeling untalented.

One freeway took Bill Rotsler, Sharman Demmon, John and I to visit the Benfords at Laguna Beach, where I took one look at their lovely hilltop house and wished I were a physics professor. A traffic jam

or two away was Disneyland, and... ok, it was a great evening, and I apologize for 26 years of doubting it! Yet another freeway brought Will Straw hitchhiking in from Yellowknife, NWT, to meet Greg Shaw at the LASFS goodbye-to-the-Aussie-flight party. Of such madness is fannish legend made.



Best of all, though, was a grin and a crewcut and a plaid shirt, all belonging to someone I love dearly: Walt Liebscher. He's younger than I am and (stroke or no more full of life; and why do I want to cry, just because I was so glad to see him again?

... And suddenly Don and Grace Lundryare playing Father Rooster and Mother Hen to sixty over-excited people, all hoping Bob Tucker will relax and enjoy his first flight... the plane trembles, is airborne... sixty people applaud, and a rather surprised voice calls out "smooooth!"

It seems entirely natural that Bob Tucker and I should be standing staring through the darkness at the brightly-lit sign for Hawaii Interstate #1. It seems entirely natural that, in the darkened cabin, Allen Frisbie and L'Elver Gray should be typing one-shots. It seems entirely natural that some sort of movie is playing, very clear and very distant, with the Sydney Opera House in the background, waves sparkling in the harbour, and Eric Lindsay and Ron and Sue Clarke in the foreground. It seems entirely natural that I'm not tired at all after several sleepless days, standing here in a hotel toom (somewhere in North America, of course) getting ready for Robin Johnson's party, very carefully applying my roll-on deodorant to my toothbrush...

The rest of Aussiecon is a series of slides which I haven't sorted yet.

IMAGES (and lots of photos of gumtrees):

click Valma Brown, laughing, perches on a stone lion in Ballarat Botanical Gardens. It's a classic Aussiefannish photo pose, she explains, including the rain and the sign saying "Please keep off the lions."

click two sleepy teddy-bear people, one in a bright red Rupert jersey, prop each other up before a morning-sun-splashed sinkful of dirty dishes. John and Sally Bangsund are still trying to realize that yes, they DO have a houseful of visiting fans. I hand them coffee; Sheryl Birkhead scrubs plates; we wonder if they will survive.

click sulphur fumes hang in the air; a roaring geyser spouts, white against grey rocks, grey sky; 60 cameras go *click*: Rotorua.

click neogothic grey stone, institutional corridors, faces by International Student Faces Pty. Ltd., Manchester, Milwaukee and Melbourne; a book-lined office; Professor Vincent Buckley, of the University of Melbourne, Australian lit. expert, is saying "And how is doug barbour? How's his thesis?" Carey Handfield's jaw drops as we exchange Canlit chatter.



click There should be lots of photos of Ursula LeGuin: formal, thoughtful on panels, informal, laughing with fans. But the film's burnt out by a unique, luminous intensity quite impossible to describe: a candle flame dressed in black velvet? a delicate, bright-eyed bird with the grin of a 10-year-old that means "Isn't all this fun?" ("Which translation of the Tao te Ching do you use?" I asked, being scholarly and footnoty and frustrated, having checked at least 2 dozen editions. "Oh... I made up my own!"-- and the grin invites me into a very special joke, celebrating a creator's glee.)

click Jillian Miranda Foyster smiles across the table in Degraives Tavern, self-possessed, surrounded by fans, at home with no nonsense about "under age" in this most civilized meeting spot in Melbourne. She wears a sheepskin vest, which I admire.

click A large white creature bumbles across a stage, lollops onto a platform, shoves its head in a feeding dish as its usefulness for carpets is proclaimed. The Aussiecon groupflight, transformed into daytrippers, is watching a presentation by a shearer, 2 dogs, and 19 trained rams. Sheep are very dim.

click Daffodils sprout from fannish hands and lapels, brightening the Melbourne train station as the Ballarat train arrives at last.

click Daffodils bloom in Shayne's arms as she says goodbye in Sydney airport. Trying not to cry, I clutch the flower so hard it wilts.

click Sally Bangsund, smiling, cuddles Dylan, a black-and-white purring armful. Behind her, a wattle tree tosses gold flames in the spring breeze. I guess they'll survive.

click Light and shadow flow across the Canberra plain below Mt. Ainslie. The view is framed by blue sky, the elegant skeletons of gum trees. A quiet moment. I guess I'll survive too.

click At last, in Ken Ozanne's garden, with the scent of freesias on the chilly air, I look up: empty sky where Polaris hung outside my livingroom window; a full moon riding silver cloud; the five steady points of the Southern Cross. The Southern Cross. Alpha Centauri. A sky strewn with alien stars. The Southern Cross. That's when I finally believed I was in Australia-- two days before I left.

click Books and records, cats and cushions, a Tim Kirk calendar and a jug of freesias, good soup on the table and good people sharing it with John and I: almost I could be near Saskatoon, but there are sheep and lemon trees outside: Brian Thorogood and Deborah Knapp's house on Waiheke Island, and I'm not supposed to tell you it's an oasis lest it be 'discovered' and spoiled. It's the Zen Center courtyard in San Francisco, listening to Andrew Main amid the fuschias and sunlight; it's Muir Woods under the redwoods, listening to the stream; it's the sun through magnolia leaves in Alicia's garden, with three humans and two large cats

sprawled at rest: small, calm centres in all the rush.

And most of the photos are faces. I can show you Val Brown and Kristin Stempf and I, curled on cushions in Leigh and Val's back lounge, talking and laughing, crying a little and suddenly hugging each other; but I can't show my joy at having two new sisters, or my desolation at having them half the world away. I can repeat events, but not put them into a context for you (or me!) Besides, do you care where I ate on August 16? As Allan Frisbee about getting bitten by a wombat, or Genie DiModica about surviving Ballarat and seeing Ayers Rock. Best of all, don't miss Rusty Hevelin's slide-show DUFF report at east and midwest conventions. As for me, my mental slides still aren't sorted, and the projector flips them through too fast: click, click, and the screen shows blank.

After all the strain and tension of last winter and spring after zapping back from Toronto to Regina to pack and move to Vancouver; after packing and repacking Big Huge several dozen times as I said hello and goodbye to friends; after learning to trust myself with new relationships; after travelling thousands of miles-- I had three weeks to see two continents; attend the worldcon; be MsDrLadyProf, half a fan GOH and interviewee (among other highlights, the Canberra TIMES called me "rather beautiful," the ABC had me do a radio programme on Canlit, and ROLLING STONE, Downunder edition, interviewed me, when I'd hoped to cover the con for them); be interviewer, for two articles I haven't written yet; plan, moderate and be on panels and such, always conscious of the video cameras and the educational/academic slant of the con; talk one-to-one with people amid the crowds; and hug my friends.

Australia lost. Nothing else won.

Oh, I have impressions. I like wombats. Koalas are cute in gift shops, ugly in gumtrees. The Aussieconcommittee was efficient, cool, able to relax and be friendly in the evenings: positively unhuman. The Melbourne Botanical Gardens, cherry trees and black swans floating in the misty light of a late winter day, are beautiful. So are Australian blue opals. Australians are courteous and helpful: their public signs say "please, for the benefit of others..." not "don't!" and they chat with foreigners in the greengrocer's and newsagent's. Books and records are outrageously expensive; so are most fresh veggies in winter, for obvious reasons. It is hard to get up early on an Australian winter morning, knowing you have to race across an unheated floor to plug in the electric fire. On the other hand, Eric Lindsay, who is my age, owns his own large house, and talks of another trip here. Australian wines have been grossly labelled by Monty Python. John Bangsund is a damn fine legend. Twisty streets and little shops, trams and school uniforms, formal gardens full of daffodils all remind me of England-- but why are there palm trees mixed with the daffs? Skyscrapers, traffic jams and Colonel Macdonalds, not to mention LA-dj-am radio, are the dregs of another culture. The gum trees travelled to California, but there it's Terry Carr, not Carey Handfield (who drove us from Melbourne to Canberra and Sydney, after helping run a con, and to whom I am most grateful) in the foreground of the slide. And of course, none of it is like anything else except a small corner of southeastern Australia.

Three weeks. All I could do was open my mind, experience it, and cling to the plan I'd already made of returning in a few years as a Visiting Scholar and Researcher in the Australian Novel. Agrarian, of course. (I have a student this year from the farm country near Perth, Australia

who keeps saying "This stuff reminds me of home!" as we read novels set on the drought-stricken Canadian prairies.) I think the entire group flight felt the same way; there was certainly a rush of support for Eric Lindsay's Sydneycove in '88 bid.

The Westercon this year was a large, sprawling convention plagued by inadequate facilities and lack of focus. I felt disoriented, lost; there were friends there somewhere, and people I wanted to meet, but I couldn't make contact (others complained of this bouncing-off-each-other feeling too.) For a few paramoid days, I wondered if I belonged anywhere in fandom. Now I've found at least one niche.

I'm an Aussiefan.

What more can I say?



EPILOGUE (the curtain falls with a dull thud):

"Hello" said Rick. "Welcome home," said Lynne. "It's rained every day this month, there's a supermarket strike, and there's going to be a mail strike." From Rotorua to Vancouver, via bus, Air New Zealand oxygen mask section (an Epic Story), Honolulu (for Immigration), LA (Customs and a

mad cross-terminal dash to Western) and San Francisco (to say goodbye to Faithful Travelling Companion John) takes 32 hours. Without sleep.

When I woke up, I discovered The House. My life in cardboard boxes in the basement, surrounded by grit, cobwebs, catshit and debris. Upstairs, peeling paint. Dark sticky stains like syrup and red wine and coffee, dripping down walls into tacky pools. Cigarette butts in piles. A stove choked with grease, including an inch of, apparently, crankcase oil in the broiler pan. Dirt and broken glass, mostly under the fridge, which proved to be broken... and harbouring abandoned food. As I dashed to the garbage, I spotted Dawn's black cat, abandoned a week before. Rick and Lynne carried some books and my mattresses upstairs. I unearthed the box full of linens, reached in for sheets, and found a nest of spiders. I considered crying. Since I never learned to weep a 50% solution of Spic'n'Span, it seemed pointless. I decided I was living in a Rosemary Ulliyot column, shook out the spiders, and went to bed.

September slunk off the calendar someplace. By the end of the month, aided by Lynne (even on a Sunday morning!), Rick, and John (who came up from Eugene to do artistic things with white latex paint) I had contrived a clean, nay, elegant domicile (as long as you ignore the back bedroom, where I haven't scraped the walls yet.) Amazing what seven gallons of paint (to which I'm allergic), varsol, steel wool, Spic'n' Span (3 boxes) and a Hudson's Bay Co. credit card can do. I bought a white New Zealand wool rug, and planted daffodils and crocuses. I even got my George Barr dryad back from the framer, spent several hours matting, framing and hammering nails, and now have my own gallery. Meantime, classes had begun at UBC, but you don't want to hear what the bookstore and the timetable people did to me, do you?

Mind you, it didn't rain, not once. I'd look up occasionally, notice a gorgeous sunset, and realize it was time to wash the paint off my glasses and eat something. Woods spread out at both ends of the street, and if you walk to the corner, mountains come out of the sky. Luckily, John not only came to paint, but knew when to stop: to walk down the road to see Frank Zappa perform, or hear Robert Kroetsch and Margaret Atwood read; to sit on the beach watching the waves and the gulls (though we never did watch the people on the campus nude beach); or take the bus downtown in quest of the exotic coffee bean.

Suddenly, it was October. The house was clean, and the kitchen stocked, and all the little lares and penates were unpacked. I was expecting my first guests: the Millers, seeking rosewood, parchment, inlay, with a Canada Council grant to build instruments; and Rosemary Ulliyot. I was also expecting 120 termpapers. I was not expecting steady rain, or a cold which modulated into laryngitis. I dispensed umbrellas and city maps, bought lots of kleenex, snarled over the papers, and went to bed for most of the month.

The above paragraphs may explain why I haven't answered your letters, or acknowledged your fanzine (buried in one of two large boxes of the summer's zine crop), or written much of anything (including the ms. I still owe Ted and Karen Pauls.) On the cheerful side, between scrubbing and sneezing, I've been catching up on reading, FM radio and a dozen new records, concerts and movies and plays, restaurants and people-watching: all the things I missed because of Regina and The Thesis. (I have also, of course, been teaching three large classes.) I haven't been working on the freelance career that would justify this typewriter, or turning my thesis into a book, or even writing The Clubhouse for Sol

Cohen to not-print again. But in the intervals, I've been enjoying my life. I hope you've been enjoying yours.

LETTERS (thank you everyone, and especially Buck Coulson):

A lettercolumn will emerge whenever one seems called for, and whenever I'm not trying to scale down to a first-class-mail format. Since AMOR evokes a blend of personal letter and letter of comment, either trust my judgement on what not to print, or mark your remarks DNO. Thanks to Peter Roberts for his mountain poem (which cheered me as I scoured the stove's top layer of grease clean enough to cook on); congratulations to Marshal Emmanuel Newrock on his choice of parents, and to Linda Lounsbury and Ken Fletcher on their choice of each other, and to Linda on the completion of her PhD comprehensives. Happy thesis, Linda. You too, Eli.

COMMERCIALS (this fanzine builds strong minds 12 ways):

For music freaks, and especially Dave Piper and Hal Davis: Humphrey and the Dumptrucks are indeed Real, and their records (Six Days of Paper Ladies, Hot Spit, Saskatoon, Gopher Suite) cost \$5. each from P.O. Box 3028, Saskatoon, Sask. Stringband (then there was the 30 seconds when Bob Bossin, longdistance from Toronto, almost got me to produce their Vancouver concert) at 324 St. Clements St., Toronto, Ont., will sell you Canadian Sunset for \$3.50 and National Melodies for \$4.50.

BOWERS FOR TAFF!

to repeat, BOWERS FOR TAFF!

CLOSING CREDITS: artwork by BILL ROTSLER, p.1

DAN STEFFAN, p. 3

GRANT CANFIELD, pp. 4-5

GEORGE BARR, p. 6

JAMES SHULL, p. 9

Paper trucked over here by David George; electrostencils by Mike Glicksohn and Brian McCarthy-- the ones that may not run were cut by UBC, mimeo by the BCSFA. Delays between typing (it's Nov. 1) and mailing will be created by the opera tonight (Semiramide, conducted by Richard Bonyng), a visit from Eli, concerts (Maria Muldaur, Murray McLaughlin) and, unfortunately, English 205 termpapers, and the post office, which is still on strike. Merry Christmas!

Susan Wood
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